

# IN HELL---SHUT IN---

At the Outbreak of the Great War, 1914

---

---



IN HELL---SHUT IN---

At the Outbreak of the Great War, 1914

---

I 640  
T5

The following pages are based upon notes taken on the spot, and express the feelings and emotions of the writer at the time.



COPYRIGHTED, 1915  
By GEORGE B. THAYER  
West Hartford, Conn.

MAY -1 1915  
© CLA 400404

no 1

7. 5. 267100

Late Saturday afternoon, August 1, 1914, the day the world blew up, I came down from a climb up the side of the valley opposite Mt. Blanc to the hotel at Chamonix when a German boy of fifteen, who, with his parents, had been stopping at the same hotel, said to me somewhat excitedly:

"The French army has begun to mobilize and we have been ordered to leave France within twenty-four hours."

This news seemed to concern me personally only to the extent of losing the assistance and companionship of this bright German lad. He had acted as interpreter for me the day before when I first reached Chamonix; had told me, after inquiring of the French proprietor, what the rates at the hotel were and, what was of far more importance to me, had kept me posted when breakfast, dinner and supper were ready. I was sorry to have him go. But as for the rest of the news, if the French army wanted to mobilize it could go ahead and mobilize. I was not going to stop it. The mobilization of any army was a matter that did not concern me in the least, so I then thought, for I was at peace with every nation and just then bent on only one thing in this world—a walking trip through the Swiss and Austrian Alps and a sail, in the fall, from Trieste, in Austria, over to Egypt and the Holy Land. Any interference by the mobilization of an army or two with that plan did not then occur to me as even possible. The only matter of doubt was whether a young fellow of three score years and more could do such a thing, could walk through such a mountainous country. But men older than I am have done such things, even in altitudes higher than the Alps. Enoch, for instance, after he was sixty-five, walked with God for three hundred years. That was going some. But I never plan such trips, partly because, heretofore, unlike Enoch, I have had to go alone. Besides, Enoch, walking in a state of eternal bliss, was never bothered with blisters, whereas, my walking, having hitherto been in the United States, had raised blisters eternally.

So I left the United States on the S. S. Columbia June 13th and, to get my feet and legs in condition, stopped off at Moville and began a week's walking trip through Ulster County, in the north of Ireland.

"Yes, I am sure the Lord was watching over us that night," said a good woman to me while discussing, in her home near Larne, the recent successful gun-running in which

a shipload of arms and ammunition was transported into the country towns, secretly and systematically, by means of automobiles. "Yes, I know the Lord must have watched over us, for, of all the three hundred and sixty-three automobiles we used that night only one tire busted."

A mere coincidence, but the morning the Crown Prince of Austria left Vienna for Bosnia on his fatal journey, Tuesday, June 23rd, I wrote home:

"I am not having as much fun over here as some of you are down in Mexico, that is, not yet. Over here the killing has not begun yet."

The next Sunday afternoon, just as I had finished this preliminary walk of one hundred miles or so and was resting on a high cliff overlooking the harbor of Belfast, the killing began. The Crown Prince was assassinated at Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia.

Another week leisurely roaming through the lake districts of England and a third around Snowdon, in the north of Wales, made me satisfied to take the train for London and, in a few days, cross over to Paris.

When, on the night of Monday, July 21st, the war fever stirred the city and crowds paraded the streets and passed close under my windows, then I was only interested, not concerned. Even the next day, when Austria declared war against Serbia, I looked upon the matter merely as a local disturbance. No falling barometer in the atmosphere of European peace bothered me. However, on Wednesday, July 29th, the day I left Paris by train for Geneva, I find I made a brief note in my diary of the fact that troops were on guard at nearly all the railroad bridges and tunnels. This ordinary guard duty, which every soldier has to perform, was, I thought, being applied to the localities mentioned merely as a matter of form, an object lesson. How little I realized the true meaning and value of the precautionary measures being taken, which I noticed from the car window. A stick of dynamite fired under the pier of a railroad bridge or in a dirt tunnel would have delayed mobilization seriously. But nothing of this nature entered my thoughts and soon the whole matter passed out of my mind, out of my mind so completely that when the German lad told me of the French mobilization I did not connect it with the presence of the troops along the lines of the railroads. Unknown to me for days after, but as a matter of fact, that Saturday afternoon, about half past three, while I was high up the side of the valley, looking across at the dazzling mass of snow on Mt. Blanc, Germany declared war against Russia and against France.

But I, as free of forebodings as a child, or perhaps, to put it more accurately, as careless of consequences as a confirmed tramp, kept on climbing. Sunday morning, with a copy of the

Daily Mail of August 1st in my pocket, I went up the side of the mountain again two or three thousand feet, sat down on a bench where there was a wide view up and down the valley and read. The possibilities of a European war were hinted at, but no one took thought of such a possibility. Thousands of tourists on pleasure bent, like myself, continued bent. No one straightened up. Thomas Cook & Sons continued to arrange personally conducted tours to all parts of Europe and advertised the fact. This and much more I read in the Daily Mail of the day before. Returning to the hotel later I found the proprietor had been called to the colors and would close the hotel the next morning.

To tell the proprietor and his hustling wife that I was sorry for them, I could not—that is, in the language which they could understand and could speak, but I did the best I could. I took out my handkerchief and wiped my eyes and shook them both by the hand. The tears, genuine ones, in their eyes told me we understood each other. My own imaginary tears were soon dry. Again, my personal comfort seemed concerned, in these changed conditions, only to the extent of moving my little baggage to another hotel. I did not worry.

Good fortune had followed me all the days of my happy life at Chamonix. One afternoon I busied myself, a few hundred feet up the west side of the valley, in the shade of the pine trees, watching the cog-wheel trains opposite go up and down the Montenvert railroad. Later, I climbed farther up, to Flegere, 6,000 feet, where I met an enthusiastic party of English tourists, like myself, unconscious of the coming convulsion. On another trip I reached Planpraz, 6,700 feet, directly opposite Mt. Blanc, where, even with my small glasses, I could easily trace the trail made since the last storm by a party of climbers, in the snow, almost to the top. Thus I went up unto the hills for strength and got it, in the muscles of my legs, every time. Up there the only sound was the distant thunder of falling snow, sliding down the sides of Mt. Blanc, seemingly only five or six miles away, directly across the valley. No place could have been more quiet and peaceful, up there alone. Below, when I returned to the hotel, the noise of a drum and the tread of many men in uniform, hurrying about, grated on my nerves. This was Sunday.

When Monday morning came, after a record of three clear days and with a sky of wonderfully deep blue, I did not look up another hotel, but decided to start on over into Switzerland along the route I had originally mapped out. The cobbler with whom I had left my extra pair of Boy Scout shoes to be fitted out with double soles and big headed nails, had gone with his gun; but the charge he left of \$1.20 for his work blew a big hole in the stock of gold I happened to have left. But with three Bank of France notes, \$30 in all, good everywhere,

and with a little silver in change, I felt financially safe in starting on. Besides, I had travelers checks amply sufficient for the trip, payable at several places in Switzerland.

"The Swiss government, in case of war, may decide to exclude tourists, in order to husband its food supply," suggested one of the guests at the table. This suggestion the guest made after I had disclosed to him my plans, but not till after he had seen me eat. Switzerland, I knew, like every free and independent country, had the right of self-preservation and could defend itself against any impending peril, however bald and short of stature. The fact that I had brought my appetite along with me, had smuggled it into France, without detection by the custom officers, had now become self-evident. If the Swiss government should also hear of this and decide to reserve its food supply for its own three million people, rather than to let me in, it meant my being stopped at the frontier.

But neither the matter of food nor of francs fretted my contented mind as I walked along the zigzag road up over the range at the upper end of the valley of Chamonix. The sun was fairly hot, and once I felt a blister beginning to raise—well, raise trouble with one of my feet. This was easily remedied though, by shifting the stockings from one foot to the other. I said stockings, for I always wore two pairs at a time. They wear much longer. And that morning I looked with longing eyes, I admit, upon an automobile that went whizzing by, followed at times by several carriages and baggage wagons, all heavily loaded and evidently hurrying to get somewhere. Down the other side a cool breeze tempered the effects of the hot sun and made walking in that mountainous, rocky region most delightful, and I soon had my reward, or better, perhaps, my revenge on the automobilist who so coolly passed me by on the other side.

At the frontier, between France and Switzerland, a small stream separates the two countries at this point and here French soldiers had held up both the horses and automobile. No automobile nor horse could leave France. They were needed at home. The owners, however, if they desired to do so, could continue the pleasure of their journey, as I was doing, on foot. Some of them decided to do so and started on, heavily laden with bags, valises and small trunks on their backs. Surely they were anxious to get somewhere very soon.

When I came up, the squad of French soldiers looked me over, but seemed to see nothing about me that would be of any great loss to the country if I was allowed to leave it. While I was awfully tanned I was not, apparently, quite dark enough to be seized as contraband of war. So I walked over the



stone bridge, out of France into Switzerland. Then the trouble began. I, too, was held up. It happened like this.

Some two hundred feet from the Swiss end of the bridge a squad of Swiss soldiers were lounging around in front of a small hotel and, as I approached, the officer in charge left them and walked slowly out into the road to meet me. To avoid bringing on hostilities too soon, I slackened my pace, turned towards him and stopped. I said nothing. Not that I did not feel like being on speaking terms with the Swiss government, but I had stopped and it was his next move. He must speak first. He did.

"Tourist?" he said, very quietly.

I nodded my head and, thinking it about time to say something, began. First I poked the first finger of my right hand into the pit of my stomach and said:

"Ameri-can," with the emphasis on the can. That poke in the stomach usually broke the ice, opened up diplomatic relations in all countries. And the word American ordinarily was sufficiently definite. Once, in Paris, the inquiry came back, "Mexico?" and on another occasion, "Brazil?" but when I further added, "New York," all doubt vanished everywhere. I was then definitely located.

But this Swiss officer could understand and could speak some English, so I told him I was on my way to Lucerne. To explain my manner of going, I repeated the name and marked time in the middle of the road. He readily understood. We were getting on fine. How Lucerne came to be my point of destination again illustrates how good fortune followed me. The day I reached Geneva I was on the point of sending my valise by post to Trieste, in Austria. The war with Servia, I could not see would interfere with my plan to sail from that port in the early fall and I was careful to have my mail addressed to the same place. The mail I have never yet seen and the same fate would doubtless have overtaken the valise had I chosen that city as my destination. Besides, no end of trouble, personally, would have awaited me had I tried to reach that port, a port that soon was and still is blockaded. But as I entered the post office at Geneva it occurred to me that possibly a second change of underwear or some other article the valise contained might come in handy before I could reach Trieste, a month or six weeks later, so I looked up the address of some half-way place and finally decided on Lucerne. To send the valise by post to that city, some two hundred and fifty miles, cost sixteen cents. When I pushed the valise in through the window I did not know the rate and laid down an amount of money I knew would be more than sufficient and said nothing. The clerk made the necessary entries and handed me back all but sixteen cents. Then he said something I did not understand and for that he charged

me two cents more. That is, he extracted two cents from the change he had handed back. In due time, however, he gave me a little slip of paper. It was a registry receipt. It had cost me the extra two cents, but it was the best investment I ever made, the best two-cent investment.

When the officer next asked me for my passport, I had none. Very few if any tourists then traveling in Europe had them. For some years they had become unnecessary. But I produced the little registry receipt instead. It seemed to satisfy. Then he asked me something I did not understand and for a time things were all off. But a private standing by drew us into communication again. He pointed towards the side of his trousers and finally pulled his wallet out and touched it several times. It was enough. I knew, every one knows what that means. One touch of the pocketbook makes the whole world understand, particularly if it has been touched before. So I pulled out the little gold and silver I had left and showed it to him. This too seemed to satisfy and he indicated I could pass on. Then, hesitating for a moment, he added quietly:

"Would you mind giving me your name?" This I did on a slip of paper torn from my diary and, thanking him, I saluted and walk slowly along.

A couple of miles further on, the highway tunnels the precipitous sides of the mountain. Here more soldiers were stationed, but they said nothing as I came along nor did I. While resting near this point for a moment, where a good view down into the gorge five hundred feet below could be had, I was overtaken by the rear guard, so to speak, of that small army of escaping refugees that had been held up at the stone bridge. These last, like the first, were loaded down with their personal effects and went on, struggling and staggering under their heavy burdens, up the steep grade in the hot sun. They recognized me and I them. Later I learned they were mostly Italians, hurrying up over the passes to the railroad station at Martigny, fifteen miles away, where they were able to catch a train through the Simplon tunnel to Italy.

That night I slept in a barn. The good woman to whom I addressed myself, by means, of course, of sign language, carried some blankets out to the barn and stuffed a mattress with hay, with the result that I never slept more comfortably. There was trouble enough in the house without my adding to it. The eldest son had his gun leaning up side of the front door and his knapsack packed and ready. He was to leave for the frontier in the morning. The husband was in hiding, I surmised. A younger son was waiting for the second call. The rain kept me under cover the next day except when I went into the house for my meals.

Wednesday morning, under a blue sky, I started for the

Hospice of St. Bernard, 8,000 feet up in the mountains. The rain of the day before had swollen the streams and in places the heavy retaining walls along the highway were being undermined and were falling into the torrent. The famous old road, in places, had become almost impassable for wagons, and the roar of the water, at times, was so great I could not have heard a wagon coming up behind me if one had done so, to say nothing of the less noisy steps of a pedestrian, for instance, out for plunder. I speak of this, for a man some two months before, on his way over this pass, was found murdered. The dogs at the hospice had scented his body out, near the highway. This newspaper item, I admit, occasionally came into my mind, as I went up higher and higher and further away from the little villages along the way. But what, for a time, disconcerted me more was a loud but somewhat smothered thud, coming from somewhere, above the roar of the rushing water. Time and again I looked behind me but discovered nothing. It finally occurred to me that the high water, rushing down the valley, would occasionally undermine a boulder in the bottom of the stream and this boulder, set going down stream, would soon strike against another. From under the big volume of water above then came the smothered thud.

Wednesday afternoon, about two o'clock, the explosion came. I was about six miles from the top of the pass, and was beginning to feel a little tired. On ahead a short distance, in front of a small hotel, a group of some fifty Swiss soldiers were standing around. When I came within speaking distance, more to take a short rest than anything, I halted. As before, I began the conversation by poking myself in the stomach. Then I told them who I was. One of them soon replied in good English.

"Tell me," I said to him hurriedly, "what is the news?"

"What, haven't you heard?" he replied, with an air of wonder, looking upon me as one who must have just arrived from some other planet. "Why, Germany has declared war against Russia and against France and is going through Belgium to get at France. The French, with a million men, are ready to come through near Bale, on our frontier and the Italians are likely to try and come up through this pass. And last night England declared war against Germany."

That was the news. The sound of the explosion, which shook the earth five days before, had just reached me. Aside from the sound of the drum and the sight of the hustling uniforms at Chamonix on Sunday and the two small squads of soldiers at the stone bridge the next day, little had occurred to cause me to listen to anything but my longings for more mountain climbing. To be sure, the departure of the eldest son, with his gun and heavily packed knapsack, made me sur-

mise Switzerland was possibly beginning to mobilize, but the only outward indication of such precautions was an occasional soldier or two stationed at the railroad bridges and tunnels. Beyond that I saw nothing in the lives or homes of the people into which I entered that was at all warlike. I do remember, at the top of one pass, when the apparent proprietor of the small hotel there reached home after a long climb up from Martigny, I did notice his whole family hurried out to meet him and gathered about the wagon, eager to learn something, some news. From all this and more I was shut out. Not a newspaper I could read had I seen since Saturday, August 1st, and then a copy of an early edition of the Daily Mail, printed, of course, the day before. At the hotel at Chamonix the guests all left on Sunday and since then I had been perambulating through a most delightfully mountainous country, but one in which I could gain little news if I had tried. To be frank, I was so little concerned I didn't try. Possibly the obliging and considerate Swiss officer at the stone bridge might have told me something, if I had asked, but the chances are military strictures would have prevented.

Furthermore, when a pedestrian, somewhat weary, stops at a farmhouse at night for something to eat and a place to sleep and finally, after making many signs, succeeds in getting both, he is then more bent on going to bed than he is on inquiring of the motherly but more or less dull matron what the political situation is, or what the closing quotations in the stock market were, at home and abroad.

So, shut out from any kind of communication with the outside world for five days, an isolation I had invited, I had not stopped, in my care-free tramping trip, to even listen to the intimations of the coming reign of hell over all Europe.

Occasionally, during the day, when not absorbed by the delightful scenery all about, my mind would wander a little, and, at times, I wondered—that was all, just wondered, nothing more burdensome, nothing of the nature of nor likely to cause worry—I merely wondered what was possibly going on in the world below in my absence.

What this Swiss soldier told me—how it all comes back to me now—was slow in getting into my brain. For days I had had occasion for nothing but slow thinking, or no thinking at all, for that matter. I had read nothing, heard nothing, hence thought nothing. Confirmed tramp that I was, I had no occasion to think. I wasn't used to it. Where I was to sleep or what I was to eat never caused my brain to give such matters a moment's thought, till, perhaps, the time arrived each day. Then, sufficient unto the time was the bother thereof, merely the bother. And several times, when up opposite Mt. Blanc, under that dome of deep blue, a feeling came over me as I looked about, with nothing near but rocks and snow



and sky—and God; a feeling came over me that I was not awake, that it was not real—except God. And if I had not been alone, to make sure, I certainly would have had some one pinch me, to see if I was awake.

But slowly I began to wake up, wake up to the situation. The little country of Switzerland, into which I had wandered so willingly, I now found was surrounded by the armies of eight nations already at war. Italy, the only other bordering state, was fast getting ready to fight. Thus, every inch of the outer side of the short Swiss frontier was lined with living implements of war, twenty millions of them, with Germany on the north, Austria on the east, Italy on the south, and France on the west. Into the center of this hell I had deliberately walked. I was completely surrounded. Surely, I didn't need to have any one pinch me now. I was already pinched.

Now fully awake, as I then thought, for a moment I considered the situation so far as it concerned me personally. Just a little farther up, not far in miles and meters from the millions below, was a life-saving, not death-dealing, station, manned, not by men but by dogs, doing their duty as they saw it, or rather, as they smelled it. They were devoting their lives, not to destroying but to saving human beings. I wanted to get my arms about their necks and hug them, just as I had many times as a child hugged that chum of mine, a blood relative of theirs. Feeling thus, with scarcely another word, I left the men and started for the dogs.

The increasing size of the patches of perpetual snow along the sides of the old way marked out by Napoleon compelled all travelers to finally leave that route entirely, and before I reached the big stone houses at the top I went through drifts eight and ten feet high, drifts shoveled out to make passage over the new highway possible.

"Bravo, bravo," repeated a group of soldiers at the Grand St. Bernard Hospice when my umbrella told them the number of miles, some thirty, I had climbed that day to reach the top. Ordinarily umbrellas don't talk, you know. I assume you know it, at least most of us know it, when we, of course unconsciously, steal, take and carry some other fellow's umbrella away. But, without my smiting it, mine talked that night to a group of nearly two hundred Swiss soldiers gathered about the doors of the big stone hospice where they were quartered. Unlike those further back down the road, these men seemed more anxious to find out about my trip than they were to communicate war news to me, and several of them at the same time attempted to show their comrades, by pushing them aside and coming up close to me, how easily they could make me misunderstand what they said. With one accord, in this they all succeeded. Finally, when the conversation

lagged, I brought my umbrella into it and opened it up afresh—that is, opened up the conversation.

Using a small plot of sand close by as the paper and the end of the umbrella as the pen, I wrote out as much of my history as was at all necessary, interjecting various signs with my head and hands to make plain, on the plot of sand, the plot of the story. These soldiers spoke, some German, some French, some Italian and some a Swiss dialect of their own invention, upon which no one has yet tried to infringe. To write in that or any of the languages referred to was, for me, impossible, as impossible as to use the German type, so common in Switzerland. So, using the only type of writing I knew, the umbrella soon told them the number of kilometers I had climbed that day. Not satisfied, one man with a sword in his hand insisted upon the umbrella giving me away by telling them how old I was. When these figures were thrown upon the screen, the screen of sand, I blushed. But because of the heavy coat or overcoat of tan I wore, like many another, I was compelled to blush unseen.

“Bravo, bravo,” said the men as they dispersed. Coming to myself, I found my feet stone cold. To get them warm was a problem, up there. To run or walk much was out of the question, I was so tired. Inside, in the large reception room, the open fires were not yet open and outside, in the wind, my sweaty shirt soon set me shivering. Ice water, I knew, would warm my feet up, warm them up better than a warming-pan, but all the streams of ice water were in places shaded from the sun. To sit down on the rocks near one of these streams in the shade long enough to take my shoes and stockings off and to put them on again, would leave me chilled through, so I picked out a bank of snow in the sun. I too wanted, just then, a place in the sun. Into that bank of snow, made hard and icy by the season’s freezing and thawing, went my cold, tired feet. I rubbed them and scrubbed them up to the ankles and higher, and twisted them around in the bank till both my hands and feet ached with the cold treatment they got. But before I could dry them and get my shoes and stockings on, my feet were glowing with a pleasant warmth and the tired feeling was nearly gone.

The elements that night were also at war. Before I could get comfortably warm in the big but chilly bed, so chilly I nursed my nose to keep it warm by covering it with the sheets, a ripping thunderstorm came up. The wind, too, in strong puffs, began pulling and pushing the windows and shutters while the thunder raved in roar the noise of the practice artillery firing of the troops in the narrow pass outside. The measured tread of the troops drilling on the stone floors below and the sharp words of command were also a part of the general tumult in the heavens above and in the earth beneath.

But I slept. I should have slept, I think, if a submarine, in the water under the ice, the thick ice covering half the lake close by, had blown the ice high in the air.

In the morning the dogs again all wagged me a welcome, all except the one, the apparently dead one whose rich colored fur, nicely stuffed, stands upon a pedestal in the main office. No one now denies him the honor of having given up his life for another, for one of us, but some of us still refuse him in heaven the soul he surely had on earth. And the good monks motioned me—the only way they could make me understand—that I was welcome, freely welcome to stay longer. This was after I had tried to make a voluntary contribution in the little box by the chapel door. But when I found they could not change the large denomination of paper money I had, and I had little else, the prospect of remaining at my ease, still tired though I was, did not appear possible. So, denying myself of the anticipated pleasure of a longer visit, I started down in a cold, driving rain. The umbrella fairly protected the upper part of my body, but from my knees down I was soon soaking wet. Knickerbockers without leggins are nice, but not in a driving rain. The wind at times came with such force that I had to shield myself beside some shelving rocks and, only a little farther up, the clouds were being driven across the tops of the black peaks with a roar that to me certainly was new. Aside from the squad of soldiers I met the afternoon before in front of the small hotel, now turned by them into a comfortable place of shelter from the storm outside, I saw but one person all the forenoon, on the way down. This was a man who had apparently retired from active business and sought the solitude of his own society. He was seated near the highway on a pile of good-sized stones, cracking slowly away with a long-handled hammer at one of them he held between his feet. An empty bag over his shoulders and his wet clothes alone kept him warm—his work didn't—couldn't. He did not work fast enough to even steam up his own breath in the raw wind. Unlike a man I passed in Wales one day, doing like work, he didn't even whistle. But by setting a good pace down the muddy macadam I kept warm, and soon after noon the sun came out. Then that and the exercise dried out my shoes and clothes on me.

Friday, the next morning, when I reached the railroad station at Martigny, a financial panic occurred in the immediate neighborhood of my pocketbook. It was a Black Friday for me, sure. I had already decided, while in the comforting companionship of the dogs up at the hospice, that, instead of completing the trip to Lucerne entirely on foot, I had better do less walking and hurry the trip, somewhat, by train. So with an air of financial strength equal to that which I knew existed, physically, in my legs, I stepped up to the ticket

office at Martigny, opened up within careful range of the ticket agent's eyes a roll of three \$10 Bank of France notes and, picking out one at random, tossed it towards him with the careless action of one used to such things.

"Visp, third class," I said, holding up three fingers. Three fingers, you know, or I again assume you know, in some places means one thing and in other places, not the same but something very different. The ticket agent evidently was not running a bar and clearly understood what I wanted. And don't anticipate, because you now know of the panic, still unknown to me, that then existed—don't anticipate the ticket agent would not touch paper money. He touched it all right, touched it just enough to send it sliding across the smooth surface back into my hands again. Then he gave his hand a slight wavy motion towards the bank note as if to insure its safe return to the home port. Slight as it was, the wavy motion almost blew me off my feet. Individuals, I knew, sometimes get scared. But here was a big corporation, a big railroad, owned and operated by the Swiss government itself, and yet it too had lost its nerve. My \$30 of paper money was worthless.

What was I to do? There were just two things I could do, walk or hand out the last little piece of gold I had. To walk a long distance, to Lucerne, for instance, was more expensive, because slower. It would take more days to do it and during those extra days I must eat. Out came the piece of gold.

The train, consisting of ten cars, was crowded, mostly with singing Italians, who, with their few belongings, were being carried home by way of the Simplon tunnel, at the expense of the Swiss government. Once seated, I did some thinking. To stop off at Visp, as I had now planned, and go up to Zermatt might leave me shut in, shut in with the Matterhorn but without money. Now that paper money was worthless, travelers checks might also fail. And I must eat, though a man can do many things on a strong stomach, even when empty. But I wanted to hold down what little silver I had, now that I had thrown up that last piece of gold. So, rather than take the chance of hanging around the Matterhorn, both on an empty stomach and with an empty pocketbook, I let the Matterhorn go hang. An extra fifteen cents paid to the conductor allowed me to remain on the train at Visp and until Brieg was reached, five miles further up the Rhone valley, at the entrance to the Simplon tunnel. There I left the train.

All the recent railroad maps I had looked at had a line from Brieg, where I now was, running up over the Furka pass to Goschenen, at the north entrance of the St. Gothard tunnel, where I knew I could get a train down to Lucerne, sixty miles to the north. As three or four railroad lines centered



at Brieg, the train for Goschenen was therefore the one to find.

"When does the next train leave for Goschenen?" I asked of a man in uniform, standing on one of the several platforms at this big station. For once I thought I would try to and so did omit the preliminary and introductory poke in my stomach.

"There is a railroad built to Goschenen, but it is not yet in operation," promptly replied the officer, in good English, so good that his voice would have had a pleasant sound to me had it not conveyed such staggering information.

Goschenen, a small station, was sixty miles away, on the other side of a pass eight thousand feet high and I had a little over a dollar in silver left. On the way, there was not the slightest possibility of getting a travelers check cashed. It was just half past twelve and I had had nothing to eat since early morning. Then it was but a small portion of bread and cheese, the usual breakfast.

But off I started, up the Rhone valley, bare-headed, but protected from the hot sun by the umbrella. Across my right hip hung a small hand-bag and on the other hip a bundle of underclothing, both weighing possibly twenty pounds. Baedeker's guide-book told me the way. I said I had a little over a dollar. During the last few days, if at any time I had been asked the balance of cash on hand, I could have told, without counting it, the amount to a penny. I knew all the time. And this I knew, that I had some seven cents' worth of sweet chocolate, two small sticks, left. And this I knew, that I must get to Goschenen Saturday, the next night, in time to catch the last train for Lucerne. To have to stay in Goschenen over night, even if the trains ran Sunday, would so reduce the amount of bullion in my safe deposit vault, now kept very safe by my feeling for it every few miles, that I would then not have silver enough to buy the ticket to Lucerne. That would mean sixty more miles added to my itinerary. But the thing above all others in importance that I did not know, was when that last train left. Revolving these matters over and over in my mind till they became so unpleasant that I had to drive them out by main and brain force, I plugged along, making about three miles an hour.

About two o'clock, while I was making a short stop in the shade to rest my feet a little, I heard the sound of a locomotive whistle and soon a heavily loaded passenger train went merrily by up the valley toward Goschenen. Now what did that officer mean by telling me the road was not yet in operation? At the next crossing I also took particular notice that the rails were fairly bright from constant use. But never mind, I was fast getting used to these little disappointments.

Toward night I thought a little coffee might brace me to keep up to the schedule. I could not take the time to boil it. I mustn't miss that last train at Goschenen. So I filled

the tin cup of my alcohol lamp with ice water from a near-by glacier stream, put in a tablespoonful of coffee and drank it, dregs and all. My stomach was not in a very bellicose condition just then, and was becoming more and more inclined to submit to anything. And really, I think the raw coffee or the ice water, or both, braced me a little.

Further on I came upon a body of cavalry, the first I had met thus far. Then I passed some two hundred soldiers, all washing their feet in a stream of ice water that ran parallel with the road. They had had a hard march from somewhere. I knew from the looks of their faces, and I also appreciated how good the ice water felt to their feet.

Incidentally, and slight in its way, I was annoyed that afternoon for miles by flies, horse-flies fully an inch long. I did not mind their getting a little nourishment now and then, though for them I had no nourishment to spare, out of the calves of my legs. Nor did I object to their resting themselves by riding along on the under side of the umbrella, third class or, even like the Italians on the train, free at my expense, but I did remonstrate when they came down with the prevailing thirst for blood, and drew it fresh from the top of my bald head. Sweating profusely I finally shut down on these joy rides of theirs by closing the umbrella suddenly. Once, before doing this, I counted twenty-eight flies thus stealing a ride.

About seven o'clock that night I began to look about for some place to sleep. The villages were not so very far apart, but the people were in a panic. The hurried movement of troops along the highways had stirred the people up and every stranger was a spy. After several failures on my part to convince them, by signs of course, that I was not a spy, one good woman lighted a candle and was about to show me up to a bedroom when a man came in and began to tell her, in a very excited manner, something about me. What he told her I don't know, only it was something, something he so persistently repeated that she hesitated for a time and finally, setting the candle down on the table, motioned to me to seek a sleeping place elsewhere, further along up the valley. This same man, a short distance back, had likewise waved me away from another house, not his own, when I started to call there. Evidently, he had me in for a spy. But the woman submitted to his reasoning somewhat reluctantly and bowed me out into the dark with genuine regret. The houses and small villages now assumed a different attitude toward me. The dark shingle roofs and unpainted, weather-worn sides met me with an uninviting, almost ugly black look, and if a light now and then blinked from a black window, the lamp was surely put there only to spy me out, as I walked along up the winding road in the dark. Another mile and a half and I came to a small inn. The proprietor could speak English.

Thirty cents for the room, he told me. I subtracted that from the reserve fund I still kept feeling for, and finally decided I must make the reduction, come what would from the folly of trying to long do business upon a depreciated and fast-depreciating currency.

"You want supper tonight, of course," said the proprietor. That was true. I did want supper, several of them all at once, too. But what I wanted more was to feel sure I had silver enough to buy that ticket for Lucerne when I reached Goshenen. I still felt my legs could be depended upon in the morning for further hard service, and strong as my stomach was, my will power was stronger yet and could still make it submit, submit to any terms of peace, even to going to bed without a piece of bread. But if the price of the ticket was found to be greater than the stock of silver on hand, no inflation was possible. I was going to take no chances, no chances with inflation, whatever the ratio.

"No," I replied to the inquiry about supper, "I have just had something." That was true, too. O, you can make even a lawyer tell the truth, sometimes, when he is hungry. I had just had something, a little nibble of that sweet chocolate. There was about four cents' worth left.

"How early do you want your breakfast?"

"Never mind about breakfast. I want to get an early start."

"If I were you I would not try to get over Furka pass. It has been fortified and you may have trouble in getting by. You had better go over the Grimsel and the Brunig if you want to get through to Lucerne. You see it is not now so safe traveling. Three men were shot last night just below here after dark. They did not halt."

For a moment I wondered how the command to halt sounded in the language, one of the languages which a Swiss soldier might happen to use; whether in any language but my own it would sound as severe. But I was too tired to wonder very long at much of anything. Hungry as a bear, I went to bed without any supper and the next morning started off early without any breakfast.

Incidentally, the night before, I did not get more than four or five hours' sleep. A piano player in the next room kept me awake. I had heard so little music lately that, for a time, I enjoyed it; but she continued till after midnight to play everything under the sun and the moon, too. But she was a star player, and I forgave her.

About nine o'clock the next morning I first caught a glimpse, up through a narrow gorge, of the zigzag road up into the clouds, over the Grimsel pass. One look was enough. I decided to take the risk of the less precipitous route over the Furka, strongly fortified though it might be. At Gletsch,

a short distance further on, an officer came out from a group of soldiers near the inn, and considerably put me through what was fast coming to be my catechism. While we were talking, in English, he carelessly took out his white handkerchief and, as if to dry it in the breeze, waved it slowly back and forth. I did not think of it at the time, but I soon had reason to know it was a signal to those at the top of Furka pass, some four or five miles away, but in plain sight, if only I had known where to look. Here, too, the railroad ended—the railroad the uniformed man at Brieg told me was not yet in operation. He told me the truth; the road to and the tunnel under the pass were far from completed. Up to this point the road had been used only for military purposes.

The top of the pass, the top of the last pass I had to climb to get to Goschenen was in plain sight. A somewhat shorter but steeper trail over the pass led off from the highway, a mile or so farther on, but I stuck to the road. The moderate grade my legs would stand, but occasionally when I tried to cut off a portion of the zigzag route by taking the steeper path, the bunching up of the muscles in my legs a little, warned me of the bigger bunch to come if I persisted in such abuse. Cramps, for a time, will put an end to climbing as quickly as they do to swimming. But on I went, somewhat slower, to be sure, the higher up I got. The higher up, the better the view of the Rhone glacier, as it poured down from between the peaks above like a mass of thick lava, dazzling white though it was. And, like most of the other glaciers I had just seen near Chamonix, this one too was drawing back its head up into the higher recesses of the Alps, back some three hundred feet since last I saw it, twenty-six years ago. And the ice grotto, a spacious room cut into the interior, had melted away and disappeared entirely. But I was not interested, just then, either in glaciers or grottos or anything but grit. Was there enough of that to get to the top? Nor did I stop to pick some of the rank-growing and luxurious-looking cow-slips side of the road up there close to perpetual snow, though I would fain have filled my stomach with the appetizing stuff, so tantalizing to a man whose stomach had been some thirty hours empty. Once or twice I stopped to rest, but something spurred me on, warned me not to wait, not to wait a minute. Henceforth there was to be no rest, no rest for my tired legs, till I had caught that last train at Goschenen. How I wished I knew when it left.

Finally, just as I began to feel that possibly the last sentry had been left behind and I knew the top of the pass was close by, a squad of soldiers suddenly appeared around a bend in the road, near a small shanty, and, bringing down his gun with the bayonet towards me, one of the men yelled, "Halt!" loud enough to have been heard a mile.



Now it was not at all necessary for him to have yelled as loud as that, as loud as that at me, anyway. I was not going so fast that it needed a blast like that to stop me. A puff of wind, a gentle whisper would have brought me to a standstill on that up-grade.

I halted all right. Then, walking slowly up to the point of the bayonet I brought the poke in the stomach into action; I mean, the poke in my own stomach, not his. I was not poking any one in the stomach, just then, but myself. But neither the poke nor the word "Ameri-can" seemed to dent his brain. Then the sergeant, fully conscious of the greater importance of his rank, came up. I know how sergeants feel. I have been one myself. He looked the little registry receipt over, without being able, I am sure, to read a word of it. I told him, as plainly as I could, I was walking to Lucerne, where my valise was. But he reached a different conclusion.

"You no Ameri-can. You Itali-an. No pass," and he waved me back.

This was the first time I had been complimented on my looks. I presume I was black enough, with tan and dirt combined, to be taken for an Italian from even the south of Italy. But when the sergeant peremptorily told me I could go no farther towards Goschenen, I just staggered over against the bank on the upper side of the road, apparently all in.

The stagger was put on, part of it, I admit. It was a sort of stage stagger for the benefit of the sergeant, to work on his sympathies, but I found he had no sympathies to work on. The stagger did not strike him that way. He was not at all stage-struck. Still, some of the stagger was genuine. I had been drinking pretty hard that morning, drinking about all the ice water I could hold. It cost nothing. If it had cost anything I could not have been so extravagant as to have kept full on it all the time. Besides, it helped to keep my belt tight. You know, if your belt feels tight you think there is something inside even if there isn't. And with my belt tight I found it kept my knickerbockers from continually slipping down around my ankles. In a foreign country, where you are little known, such precaution is essential. So, as the ice water soon evaporated in sweat and steam, I had to frequently pull my belt up another hole till, hitch after hitch, my wasp-like waist was getting so small the big buckle in front, I think, reached clear around to my back-bone.

And when the sergeant waved me back, it meant back down the eight thousand feet I had, at last, climbed up and then up over the Grimsel pass and next over the Brunig pass, both passes nearly as high. This I must do to get to Lucerne. At the prospect my tired legs kicked. They were utterly unable to stand the strain.

Just then the lieutenant, a slight-built young officer,

appeared coming down from the fortifications which, till now, I had not noticed up the side of the mountain but a short distance. Surely, a ray of hope, slender though it was!

"Have you been taking any photographs?" was one of the first questions, in good English, the officer asked. In a moment the small hand-bag, which had been lying on the ground during the prolonged holdup, together with the bundle of underwear, were opened wide to his inspection. Had a camera been one of my pieces of baggage, certainly the jig would have been up.

"Well," said the officer, after inquiring if I knew, by name, a classmate of his now living in Chicago, and after being satisfied I was a genuine Yankee and not a spying Italian, "well, it is strictly against orders to allow any one to pass but—but you may go." I could have hugged that lieutenant, tired as I was just then, if it would not have been considered a breach of neutrality.

That ended the holdups. Now could I catch that last train. The sweet strains of "Lead, Kindly Light" had been running through my head all the morning and, at times, coming up the long climb, one step, instead of being enough, seemed soon to become too much for me. But now it was down-grade and every step came easy. On I went, shuffling carelessly along down the winding road, so sleepy now that the strain of more holdups had given way to strains of a sweeter makeup, so sleepy that my eyes shut in spite of me. But I never let slip the chance to cut corners and many times left the road entirely and almost ran down the side of the mountain, whenever the way to the road again, far below, was clear. Once, I met coming up four six-horse teams, loaded with army stores, struggling up the grade and again, some two hundred soldiers on their way up. But these did not interest me, nor attempt to stop me, in my hurry down.

The Devil's bridge, not far from two miles above Goschenen and one of the wildest spots in the Alps, had no attraction for me. The bridge and all the appurtenances thereto could go to the—could go to the owner, for all I cared. I was going to Goschenen.

When about half a mile from the station, now in sight, I heard a locomotive whistle and out came a train from the north end of St. Gothard tunnel, going towards Lucerne. There it was, the last train, and I had missed it by half a mile. Hold on, it's a freight train. There may be another. It was yet only half past five. On I hurried, holding up the two bundles of baggage in my arms so the jouncing would not at the last minute break the straps, down a steep, crooked path, a short cut to the open space outside the station, and into the waiting room. The ticket window was open.

"Ticket for Lucerne, third class," I said, handing, almost

throwing out all the silver I had left. The little ticket—no little bit of pasteboard ever looked so good to me before—the little ticket came back and with it about ten cents in change.

"Is that the train?" I asked, pointing to some passenger cars on a side track, in which one or two persons were sitting.

The ticket agent nodded. Before I could cross the tracks, a freight train, a slow-going, an awfully slow-going freight train, blocked the way. When it finally moved out of my way, I ran for the passenger train, pulled my short legs up the high steps and sat down inside. In less than five minutes, the train, the last train for Lucerne that night, started and I had caught it. Then I almost collapsed.

Thirty-seven miles that day, sixty-two miles the last two days on nothing, as you know, but a few nibbles of sweet chocolate and gallons and gallons of ice water, one hundred and forty-eight miles during the five days from Chamonix, and mountain passes aggregating twenty-one thousand feet, climbed in addition to that done on the level—this is all on the level,—this is what almost caused the collapse. And I did it, not to tell of it afterwards, but because I had to do it—simply had to. And how my feelings now changed toward that crazy cuss who, the night before, drove me away and caused me to go the extra mile and a half to the small inn. But for the extra mileage that day I should have missed the train the next day. Tell me, are such things mere coincidences?

Well, I did not completely collapse, though the open window was the only restorative, the only stimulant I had with me. But it felt good to just let go, let go of all my nerves and muscles and let them hang limp. Once or twice, though, I almost let go of myself, my consciousness.

When the train, at nine-thirty Saturday night, after going the last mile or two through a winding tunnel, came to a final stop at the station at Lucerne, I began to see what mobilization meant. The big station and the well-lighted streets near by were crowded and all the seats in the good-sized restaurant were taken by soldiers, all talking excitedly. They were on guard, too, at every turn and corner, and trains were going out and trains were coming in, all filled with them.

While directions, posted all about the station in conspicuous places and printed in three languages, French, German and Italian, failed to help me, the first uniformed man I appealed to spoke English. He easily directed me to the office of the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The hour was so late when I reached the place, however, that failing to get an answer to my repeated ringing of the door bell, at random I sought a hotel and went to bed with a last nibble of the sweet chocolate.

How restful to me sounded the church bells of Lucerne

as they chimed out the hours of that night. No more was I to be compelled to walk till I got good and ready, good and rested. No more comforting thought had I ever experienced. In the words of Carton, in the "Tale of Two Cities," it was a far, far better rest that I came to than I had ever known.

Twice during the night the measured tread of large bodies of troops, coming louder and louder and going fainter and fainter, accompanied through the otherwise still night by no other sound either of cornet or command, broke in on my sleep. Soon after daylight, again more troops. All day Sunday the streets were occupied by them, marching to and from the railroad station and the barracks, each not far from my room. The soldiers went singing, as soldiers always do on their way to war, and the bands played as bands always do. But these Swiss bands had no base drums—instruments, musical instruments if you please, that do more than any other musical instruments to lift the tired feet of marching men off the ground. The band music, therefore, reminded me so much of the little German bands, so familiar at home. All the public halls and school buildings throughout the city, I found later, had also been converted into barracks for the troops, many of whom, from the dust on their shoes and trousers and their fiery-red features, I could see had marched into the city that Sunday from a long distance outside.

I first went over to the post office, not far, about noon. The lobby was filled with an excited crowd. At the post office the telegraph office only was open. A soldier on guard allowed only so many in at a time. Most of these, I was at first surprised to find, were talking in English. When I could find a man who was not too excited to stop a moment, I asked him about the war, what was the latest. You remember I had not heard a word since the Wednesday before, up at the Grand St. Bernard pass.

"Why, the Germans have broken through Belgium into France and the French are coming through Basel, near here, to get into Germany. Today we hear there is a big battle going on at Waterloo. There has been one big naval battle in the North Sea and three German battleships sunk. The English channel is loaded with mines and is closed. The Russians have been driven back. Here, in Lucerne, are about three thousand Americans and half as many English, all shut in—this in Lucerne alone. All sailings from German and Austrian ports have been cancelled and many of the English passenger ships have been taken over by the English government. So, if we got to England, we could not get home."

This was enough to hold me for a while. I went over to the lake, just a few steps, and sat down on one of the benches. That was as far as I got that day.

The alcohol lamp had again been brought into play that



morning in my room, when I finally got up. After a cup of good strong coffee and a small roll, which I bought with the little silver left, from a bakery across the street, I determined to postpone the big meal I had looked forward to for nearly three days till Sunday night. So, after I had sat on the bench till the circulation in my legs had almost ceased—the benches had no cushions, nor did I have much to sit on except my bones—I walked back to the hotel for supper.

The bill of fare contained some thirty-two different dishes, all numbered. My first impulse was to begin with number one and go down through the list. Under the circumstances, that I had this day and for several days been denied much of my daily bread, it was a little hard to be thus led into temptation at the outset. Then again, the names of the dishes were all printed in gastronomic German, words almost as long as the average alimentary canal. To be compelled to try and pronounce such words was an evil from which any one might pray to be delivered. But I was half starved, I was desperate, so, counting up hurriedly the number of letters in some of the longest words, just as a newspaper man does the words for his scare-head,—I wasn't at all afraid of scaring my stomach; O no, my stomach, I knew, could stand any such kind of a scare just then; it had been waiting to be scared for some time—so, after I had taken the count and pointed to the word, the girl nodded and went her way.

Then I waited. Without exaggeration, I was faint, faint clear through. My nerves were faint; my stomach trembled. I was not exactly despondent, for I knew food was on the way, but I felt as if I should soon shrivel up and slide out of the chair down to the floor, if the food did not come pretty soon. The room was crowded with probably a hundred persons, most of them soldiers, all eating or drinking; and rising above the tobacco smoke, in strength at least, was the savory odor of the different dishes, spread out before every one but myself. Across the table from me sat a full-chested German, eating as Germans do when things taste good, and by his plate was a big mug of foaming beer.

I had been drinking water all the afternoon, mainly to keep the sides of my stomach inflated as much as possible. They inflate oysters in the same way, with water. But the girl mustn't think because I appeared dumb when I gave her the order, that I was an oyster, willing to swell up on water while you wait.

Orders for beer, I noticed, were filled promptly. I began to think the beer question over. It was so cheap. It smelt so good; it would taste so much better. It would drive that faint feeling away so soon. But, seriously, I began to feel it was not fair to be tackled by my natural taste for the stuff in the condition I was then in. From a boy I had always liked the stuff as I did milk. Physically weak, was I also mentally

too weak now to hold out till that food came? I might have to stay in Lucerne, shut in for weeks, possibly for months. Who then knew? A habit fastened upon me when I was weak might easily get the best of me before I could get strong.

This was not the first time on this trip I had had occasion to fight. To be perfectly frank, once or twice I didn't even fight. The first time was in Paris. I had been roaming about the eastern part of the city for several hours when, near the Louvre, I noticed a sign on an awning, "Diner, 1.30." It was then about that hour and, having had nothing but coffee since morning, I sat down at one of the tables on the sidewalk, under the awning. The waiter first slapped down across the table a loaf of bread the length and size of a baseball bat. It easily reached across the table from one side to the other. Then he spread out a napkin for me the size of a large towel, and finally put down on a little black saucer a bottle I at first thought was Worcestershire sauce, it was so black. But the cork was out and, as I looked upon it and looked again, the contents of the bottle began to turn red. I didn't, and after the several courses had disappeared—just how many I didn't remember—I started out on my own course, down the street, at peace with all the world. My course was perfectly straight and proper, but at the street crossings it soon seemed the part of wisdom to wait for a crowd of men I felt sure were, like myself, perfectly sober; to wait for them to collect and then unitedly cross the street with them, rather than to run the gauntlet of the street traffic alone. The sober judgment of many was safer than the self-satisfied opinion of one. So, on I went with them, gliding across from one curb to another, scarcely touching the pavement, so light upon my shoulders were all the cares and troubles of this life. Then I started for one of those convenient little enclosures of comfort, near the curb, for which Paris is noted, and walked completely around it three times before I discovered the entrance was closed up. I know I made no mistake about the entrance being closed for another man, fully as competent as myself, circled the same enclosure once and then started up the street for another. I followed. It is wonderful, too, how the contents of that bottle helped me to understand more easily the French language. For several days I had noticed, hung out on the rear end of some of the auto busses, the sign, "Complet." I did not then know what it meant, but since I had so recently seen through a glass darkly, now that I saw the sign face to face, I knew at once its meaning. My eyes were opened. The little bottle of wine, taken solely for my stomach's sake, had now enabled me to also read French at a glance. The busses, with that sign hanging out at the rear door, were in the same condition I then was. They were loaded; they were full. The only difference was, I did not have my sign hung out.

The next time I failed to fight was at a little inn some four miles from Martigny. I had walked twenty-nine miles that day down from the Grand St. Bernard pass, much of the way in a cold, driving rain. The proprietress, an elderly woman, saw I was somewhat tired and promptly brought out a half bottle of white wine. So long as the wine was white I thought I could safely look upon it; but I couldn't. When the good woman again appeared with a pail of water, ready to show me up to my room, the wine had so surprised and delighted the inner man that I too was ready to climb any number of flights of stairs. So we went up and up till her wind gave out and she set the pail down. Then she led the way again, somewhat faster, till finally, somewhere near heaven, she opened a door and showed me into a comfortable room. Had I known the water was for my room, I could easily have carried it up; I felt so much lighter than water. The wine had so elevated my spirits this Swiss skyscraper needed no other elevator—that is, for me. Once in the room I started to shave. My hand-mirror I found broken, but that didn't matter. There was no looking-glass, but never mind. After that last glass of wine I could see to shave without any glass. And I was so optimistic just then, I knew I could find a mirror somewhere, if I looked. So I opened the shutter and there it was, out on the back roof. I knew it was there all the time. To find it there did not surprise me any more than things do in dreams. The glass was a thick piece, with the quicksilver on the back slightly scratched. Either the scratches or something in my condition not quite up to the scratch, made me see double when I began to shave. When one cheek, like Jacob's, had been made smooth, I found another cheek on the other side of my face needed shaving, so I turned that cheek also. And everything was so handy. If I dropped the lather brush, why there the stand was, ready to catch it. If, in going from the window where the light was good, back to the stand where the water was, I made the trip in a somewhat circuitous course, there the bedstead stood, firm but friendly, keeping me in the straight and narrow path. And the shave was made without a cut.

But now, at Lucerne, it was to be a fight to the finish. For a full half hour I had been suffering the torments of a thirsty man, without fresh water, cast away at sea. Food, wine, beer everywhere, but not a morsel, not a drop for me. Just then a new waitress came up and seeing no beer in front of me said, with the weight of a last straw, "Beer?" I shut my jaws together. I wanted to say, "Damn it, where is that food?" but that was not the language she understood, though it was what I had been saying to myself a long time. Sullen, mad clear through, so thin any one could see I was mad clear through, I savagely shook my head. Finally the food came.

The delay was my own fault. I had picked out a dish with such a long name it had taken all this time to cook it.

The next morning, with \$20 in my pocket, drawn without trouble from the bank on one of my travelers checks, I went over to the office of the agent of the American Consul. With that vast amount of money in my pocket and stopping at a hotel, a new hotel, clean and comfortable in every way, where my living was to be less than \$5 a week, I needed nothing, nothing but rest. Just then the American Consul had none, I found. His office was the dining hall of a large hotel, given over to his use and the use of the various committees appointed at a meeting of stranded Americans held a few days before. From the twelve hundred present at that meeting were appointed committees on transportation, banking, consular service, publicity, men's relief, women's relief, finance, etc. Some fifty men and women had volunteered their services, and twenty or more of them I found hard at work. The room was also crowded, mostly with women, seventy-five to one hundred of them, all talking at once. One of the days when the excitement was at its extreme and many were with little means aside from their return tickets, just then worthless, one of the amusing sights was a telegram from Italy posted, as follows:

"John Smith will take to New York, on an elegant steamer he has chartered in an Italian port, ninety-six passengers for the guaranteed price of \$700 each."

Had the well-meaning Mr. Smith, whom then very few knew, fixed the price at \$7,000,000 each, it would have appealed scarcely less to the practically penniless American people who, like myself, were then in hell—shut in.

During these days of excitement neither the hotel men nor the Swiss people generally took advantage of the situation. Credit was readily extended and prices kept at the old figures. In fact, a law was passed fixing a heavy penalty for raising prices. While the one feeling uppermost was of horror, horror at the thought of the millions of men only a short distance from us, enthusiastically engaged in trying to kill each other, yet here were a few hundred of us shut in, in Lucerne, complaining because we had, instead of killing each other, nothing else to do but to kill time. Lucerne certainly was a beautiful place in which to kill time. But even in so beautiful a place as the Garden of Eden, if shut in, if compelled to stay there, we would have kicked at killing time there, I am afraid. The office of the American Consul was as far as I went the second day.

But all pleasure in a walking trip ended when I reached Lucerne. The blight of the bayonet in the homes I had already entered made further journeying unpleasant. Incidentally my left leg gave out a few days after. For several days I had done little else but sit around on the benches facing



the lake, listening to the music at the Kursaal. In some way, during this period of inaction, the hard wood of the benches pressed upon the nerves so as to paralyze the muscles that raised the toes of my left foot off the ground. Hence, in walking, to avoid stubbing my toes at every step, I had to swing my left leg around in a half circle. This style of step, somewhat different from the goose-step now so noticeable, stuck by for two or three weeks. After trying massage and alcohol without result, I decided to see if the hair of the dog would not cure the bite. Walking did it and walking might cure it.

So I left the hotel one clear morning, walked six miles to the foot of Mt. Pilatus, climbed to the top, seven thousand feet, spent two hours there drinking in the view of the snow-capped peaks to the east, south and west, and had supper at the hotel again before six at night, minus the paralyzed muscles.

But with restored muscles, the presence of a mobilized army of three hundred thousand men at every turn made extended trips through Switzerland on foot barren of fun. So I contented myself with short walks of ten miles or so over the hills and through the pine woods near by. One day I suddenly came upon a company of soldiers, lying in ambush during a practice battle in the woods to the south of the city. The first warning was the sharp command, "Halt!" Another day I found myself, in climbing over an unfrequented route, coming too near a rifle range, now always in active use. Some days, in my trips, I found I disturbed up in the woods squads of young musicians who sought out secluded spots for their amateur rehearsals. The several bath-houses along the shore of the lake were daily patronized by the men, and everywhere and at all times the presence of soldiers was felt. They attended church services in a body every Sunday, and filled the restaurants every night in the week. While the nights were not disturbed by their marching, after the first week or ten days, yet scarcely an hour in the day went by but some body of infantry or cavalry passed the hotel where I stayed, shut in for six weeks. But one guest at the hotel spoke English. This one, a German, but holding the office in Switzerland of Consul-General for the Republics of Honduras and Nicaragua, daily gave me bits of news—just bits, all he could though. Really, for a time I knew less of the progress of the war than most Americans at home. For weeks, at all the news stands, the last edition of any newspaper printed in English was August 1st. The world seemed to have come to an end on that date, the newspaper world at least.

By the middle of September, now that travel in the direction of Egypt or farther east was likely to prove uncongenial, I began looking about in other directions. By applying to the

German Consul at Zurich, Switzerland, I found I could travel, days, up through Germany to Amsterdam, Holland, where a line of steamers made regular sailings for Buenos Aires, Argentine, connecting by rail with a line of steamers at Valparaiso, Chile, for Panama and home. So the latter part of September I left Lucerne.

On leaving the railroad station at Zurich, I asked a traffic policeman out on the public square where the office of the American Consul was, by showing him the address on a piece of paper. Overhearing the conversation, carried on largely by the big policeman, a well-dressed, slight-built woman of say thirty-five stepped up to me and said:

"I will go with you if you wish. I have time."

It took an hour and a half of her time. She went with me to the American Consulate first; then to the German Consul and finally to the Consul of the Netherlands. The clerk at this last consulate prayed to be excused from affixing the seal to my passport as the Consul himself had, that day, married a wife and therefore could not come to the office. In the end, this did not matter. When we had made the rounds once and found a second trip to the American Consul was necessary, my good guide, after I had somewhat gently suggested paying for her services, really valuable to me, replied frankly:

"I am very glad to do it. If I were a stranger here I should be glad if some one would do the same for me. The American Consulation you now know, so I bid you goodbye."

She has my name and address, of course, for she saw my passport. I also have hers.

At the American Consulate not only did they certify to the fact that my passport was good, but an added endorsement declared my physical condition was all right. In big type the words "Good Gut" verified as to that. Some tell me these words merely stated, both in the English and in the German language, that the passport was good, but the other interpretation is equally true and a fact much more widely known. Clearly, the intent of the added endorsement was that the Germans, in passing through their country, should know me even as also I am known.

In southern Germany little was in evidence from the car window to indicate the nation was in a life and death struggle, but after leaving Stuttgart, on the way to Frankfort and Cologne, things were very different. In the afternoon of the second day a German soldier sat down in the seat with me and, for a time before leaving the train, talked in his own language with some German-Americans sitting opposite us. He had been wounded in the arm in a battle in France, but was on his way back to the front. When he left the train I

asked those sitting opposite what he had told them of his experience. One answered:

"He said he didn't want to say much with that Frenchman sitting next to him."

The second night I stopped at Cologne. The stop, as at Stuttgart the night before, was imperative. No trains ran long after dark. Just why this was so I did not learn, except that the discontinuance of the night service was a military necessity or precaution.

At the American Consulate at Cologne, where I went to get my passport again fixed up, I happened to mention the fact that I lacked two cents of enough German money to get my valise out of the parcel room at the railroad station, where I had left it an hour or two before. My ticket through to Amsterdam had taken a little more of German money than I had figured on.

"Why don't you take advantage of the emergency fund we have here? How many marks do you want?" inquired the clerk in a manner that indicated the fund was a generous one. I told him two marks (fifty cents) would be ample, but upon his suggesting an amount several times that I compromised on four.

"Think of a lawyer from Hartford, Connecticut," said he to the rest of the office force, "applying here for only four marks." They laughed at the fact and so did I, that now for the first time during the trip the absence of just two cents in my pocket had left me stranded.

The trip from Cologne to Amsterdam necessitated my leaving the train at the frontier, crossing by trolley into Holland and taking another train for Amsterdam. But for the considerate attention of both German and Dutch fellow passengers, the trip would have easily been full of annoyance, to say the least. As it was, it is recalled with pleasure.

To find out which would be the best of several trains, I went to the information bureau near the Cologne railroad station. There, in English, was explained to me the difficulties of the different routes, but to assist me the obliging clerk wrote out an itinerary. He was mighty good to me—that is, he meant to be.

At Cleve, near the frontier, I left the train and followed others, myself in the care of a Dutch passenger to whom I had been transferred by a German passenger, who had to leave the train before we reached Cleve. Both these guardians of mine spoke English. Both looked out for me, as are emigrants who travel with nothing but a tag to tell. My itinerary gave me twelve minutes to get from Cleve, Germany, to Nijmegen, Holland, to leave one train and catch the next. The information man said I could do it all right; and I did, but not on schedule time. The distance was twelve miles. To do that

in twelve minutes is going some, even for a line that stops for passengers on the way, as this did. Besides, the trip was broken at two points by a change of trolleys and a walk of half a mile, during which short stops were made to allow the German and the Dutch custom officers to examine the baggage and passports of passengers. But I caught the next train—that is, the next train I could catch, which was four hours later.

This was a through train, my schedule said, to Amsterdam. It left at eight in the evening. Whether it ever got through I cannot tell; but I do know that about thirty minutes later the train stopped at a small station. Then, without a word, everybody got out, crossed over to some unlighted cars on a side track, climbed in and sat down in the dark. Everybody finally included me, but, unlike the other passengers, I didn't have to sit down to be in the dark. Why they left me in the other car alone I could not understand. But I followed after and claved unto them; whither they went I went; their train was my train; their car, my car. In this I was steadfastly minded. In time, due time I suppose, an engine backed up to our train, the lights were turned on and on we went. Between eleven and twelve the train stopped again, this time at a big station. During the interim between stops I had put myself under the care of another Dutchman, so that now all I had to do was to follow him down a long platform, up over a bridge across half a dozen tracks and down along to another station. Then he placed me up against the building, intimated that I had better not wander away and excused himself for half an hour, when another train would be made up, he said. I minded him, about not running away.

Towards midnight, when I had about made up my mind to make the best of it for the night, the train was made up and reached Amsterdam two hours later.

I was the last of a crowd of passengers to walk down the long platform, and just as I reached the end an officer singled me out and tapping me on the arm, said quietly, in good English:

“Come this way, please.”

This time I thought surely I was pinched. But I didn't try to argue the case. It was too late; the time was too brief to submit one. So I followed the officer up a flight of stairs, without a word.

“You are an Englishman,” he said, turning slightly towards me.

This was the third time within a few weeks that I had been complimented on my looks. It could not be my speech that had, apparently, betrayed me this time, for I had said nothing. But the compliment of being first taken for an Italian, then a Frenchman, and now an Englishman, the com-



pliment I put it by thrice, every time gentler than other.

"No," I replied, somewhat confidently, "I am an American."

"Well, come this way, please." Now I was in for it. Neither race, color nor the cordy condition of my legs could save me. No matter what I had heretofore been taken for, this time I was to be taken in. Opening a door near the top of the stairs, the officer showed me into a large, well-lighted room, where were half a dozen clerks, men and women, at work at two o'clock in the morning.

"Your passport, please!" That was found to be all right.

"Have you any money?" I had about thirty cents in German money, but plenty of travelers checks, payable in Amsterdam. These I also showed him.

"Do you know of any hotel in Amsterdam?" I did not then know there was a Dom Hotel in the city, but there is. By thus spelling the name of this hotel as they pronounce it, I have avoided the use of the word "Dam," which every one feels like avoiding who stays in Amsterdam long. But that night, or rather that morning, a hotel by any other name would have meant the same to me, mouth the name as you may. I intimated as much to the officer.

He first wrote the address of a hotel on a piece of paper and started to hand it to me, but recalling the fact that this was my first visit, and that any address by itself would be of little use to me, the officer turned to a clerk and said something. The clerk at once put on his coat and hat, and the officer shook me by the hand and said, "Good night." The clerk took me down-stairs and across the square over to the police station. There he told the police sergeant something about me—I don't know what—shook me by the hand and said something that sounded like "Good night." The sergeant then led me some half a dozen blocks through the well-lighted but then lifeless town, till he found the patrolman. The patrolman was thereupon told all about me, I presume, from my youth up. You see, the officer had carefully read my passport over and this document gave me away in many instances it had no business to, even to providing lines for the names and birth of seven children I swore I never had. So you see, my reputation, like the firecracker in the famous squib case, was being tossed along from mouth to mouth till it was likely to explode and deny me admission anywhere. But the sergeant finally shook me by the hand and said something, and then the patrolman took me in tow. Two blocks farther along one of the canals the name of the hotel shown out in the darkness, and the patrolman motioned me to go up and ring the bell. This I did and soon a head appeared at a third story window. The patrolman thereupon told the head another story about me, shook hands and went back to his beat. The

head disappeared, the front door opened, and I beat it for bed in as comfortable a room as need be.

Was not this Dutch system neighborly to a stranger, to any stranger like me? I tell you, when I recall the kindness shown me many year ago on one of my early bicycle trips by a poor Belgian cobbler, poor in pennies but rich in hospitality, when I think of the more than friendly conduct towards me of a German student at Heidelberg, when I remember the similar cases of kindness of which I was the recipient on that same trip, both in Italy and in France as well as in England, I feel that they then were and still are my neighbors. And if you could have met them as I have in their homes, you would surely feel as I do, that they were all your neighbors, our neighbors.

But what did I see of the war? The morning I left Stuttgart I saw but few soldiers, most of them convalescent apparently, as they came and went at the different stations. But at Frankfort I saw hundreds, possibly thousands of them, as the trains came to a stop in the big station. I did not try to count them; I was in no mood to count. Some of them with their arms in slings, others with their jaws done up, many with bandages about their heads, all came slowly down the long platforms towards the large waiting rooms reserved solely for them. Sometimes a fellow with one leg big with bandages would get his good arms about the necks of two of his comrades who had good legs but arms of little use just then, and in column of threes, so to speak, they moved along, the two on the sides acting as human crutches for the one in the middle. Wheeled stretchers were pushed along the platforms to meet every train. They went empty, but always came back loaded. Red Cross men were everywhere, sometimes with hand stretchers, but always busy, meeting every train and coming back with their burden. The soldiers wore fatigue uniforms, stained in spots with something dark and dirty looking, but the men, and most of them were young, all were so pale, with no blood at all in their young faces. They had lost it somewhere.

I sat down on a bench outside the waiting room to wait for the train for Cologne, and for three hours there was no let-up in the stream that moved slowly by me. When it began, I don't know. When it stopped, if it has yet stopped, I don't know. Where the stream started, where the source was, I don't know either, but this was a few days after the Battle of Marne, when the Germans were pushed back from Paris and almost out of France. Perhaps that was the source.

At Cologne, the next morning, the wounded were coming from the west and going east by trainloads. The first week in August, I was told, men went through this big Cologne station, train after train, day and night, for six days, and the

crowd in the streets below cheered them on as they yelled back till their throats were raw, from the viaduct above, five hundred thousand of them all going west. Now they were coming back, a few weeks later, some of them, and not a cheer did I hear, either from the street below or the train above. No one felt like cheering this trip. I counted the cars in one train. There were forty, most of them freight cars, box cars with straw covering the floors of the cars. The straw, too, was covered, covered with men all shot up. Most of them were so shot up they could not stand, but remained lying flat on the straw, as the train went slowly by. A few stood at the side doors of the cars, holding themselves up on crutches. Occasionally, from the windows of the few passenger cars, a head was thrust out, but no one waved a hand at it. The head was generally wound round with white cloths, scarcely more white than the face the cloths partially concealed. I went up-stairs to the train platform. The long restaurant had been cleared out of all the counters and shelves, and the floor was completely covered with mattresses, two rows of them going half the length of the long station. None of the mattresses were occupied just then, but they had been. I went down-stairs into the basement, into a fourth-class waiting room, to eat some luncheon. All the other waiting rooms, as at Frankfort, were reserved. Two fellows, once fine looking, sat down at the table close to me. They both wore the fatigued uniform and had the same bloodless faces. The one next to me sat so close I could have put my arms around his neck,—and I would if I could have done him any good, for he was in pain. His head had been hurt, somewhere, somehow, for it was done up in white. He was doing his best to hold his head up, as a soldier should, but it kept continually sinking lower and lower till, after straightening up again and again, he finally gave up and let his head go down flat on the table in front, turning his face away from me so I would not see what he suffered. He was not the only one that was suffering at that table.

I went over to get a travelers check cashed at a bank near by.

"We cash no checks here issued by any English company," said the cashier with emphasis, the emphasis increasing as he proceeded. "We shall have no money transactions with them. When the Russians first began to threaten us we did not feel so bitterly towards France nor England, and if England had kept out it would be so now. But now—and his teeth became almost set,—now we have some twenty thousand English prisoners. These we shall treat all right. But from this time on we shall take no more English prisoners. We shall take no more English prisoners." His rasping voice and set teeth I can still hear and see.

Don't think because I may have seen a little blood in Germany, that I have now changed my views about war. I did not see any blood in Germany. Those young men did not have any blood left in them, apparently. They had left it all in some other country. No, it is not blood that has upset me.

You know, or those who know me best know, that as a boy, during the civil war, I was full of the military spirit that boys of my age usually are; you know that when I became older I served seven years in the National Guard; you know that when the Spanish-American war broke out I tried to get as near the firing line as I could, but no Connecticut troops got very near; you know now, perhaps for the first time, that when in the spring of 1914 war with Mexico seemed near, I tried to get them to take me in any capacity, but they had no use for a fellow over sixty, and you know,—and this pulls at my heart-strings the hardest—you know that for years I have preached to that class of boys, first in the Sunday School and now that they have grown to manhood, a hundred of them or more,—I have always urged those chums of mine if our country ever went to war, to go. So strongly did I urge them that, at the time I started in 1914, four of them went into the army and navy. But I am wrong; and I have been wrong all my life.

Do not misunderstand me. It is a great thing when your home is attacked, to defend it; when your country is in peril, to fight for it, even to giving your life for it.

But there is a better service, a higher service, a nobler service you can perform, and that is to serve your God. But you cannot serve your God and, at the same time, go out and kill your neighbor, as they are doing in Europe. It can't be right to do so. It can't be possible that Almighty God has brought the human race up to its present state of civilization only to have it now commit suicide.

Can you grasp, with your imagination even, what is being done over there? I saw a little, just a little, and have tried to make you see just a little of what I saw. But does this help us to grasp it? Suppose a rapid fire gun was set up on the main street of our town or city, and a thousand men a day were shot down and piled up in a heap. Possibly we might grasp the magnitude of such a sight, horrible as it might seem. But over there, instead of one thousand men a day, every hour of the twenty-four of every day since the first day of last August, one thousand men have been laid low. Could their bodies be piled up in one heap, the point of the pyramid would be higher than the dome of the Connecticut State Capitol twice over. The Washington monument could not overshadow nor hide the dead face of the young man at the top. What a pitiable pyramid has already been raised to heaven, and to furnish warm material for the raising, how many homes of the human soul have been broken down and torn apart—homes



each one more precious than any cathedral of cold stone.

And then the manner of the killing! Experts in the art have written much and wrought little along the line of increased tenderness in modern methods of killing human beings. The new smaller-sized, sharp-nosed bullets, sent with force sufficient to penetrate and pass through the bodies of two or three men in succession, nevertheless will make so slight an opening that the wound will close and heal at the first intention. These experts claim they desire only to disable, not to kill. Likewise, shells that formerly tore men limb from limb are now tenderly filled with such wonderful chemicals that the explosive gases will render the man unconscious before his arms and legs can be torn off.

But when put to the test, how has the science of slaughtering human beings worked out? The fact is, the fighters over there, almost to a man, have gone back to the bayonet; have come together in personal encounter when animal courage alone counts; when eyes with the hate of hell in them meet, and cold steel is wet with warm blood. And when the jabbing and slashing and smashing stops, a Chicago slaughterhouse sticker would blush to acknowledge the bungling mutilations were the result of his handiwork. No, the Chicago system of killing has not been improved upon over there; and the pity of it is, while the cutter leaves the carcass fit for the market, the sticker over there, after his work is done, is not left fit to meet his Maker.

And then the methods of the fighter! In the pursuit of his profession, he has come to believe as his gospel, in order to insure the permanence and peace of his people throughout the land, he must plough into it a million or so of young men, plough them in in trenches as the farmer does his manure, when he seeks a quick return for his labor. But there is this difference. The farmer seeks to build up material for the homes of spiritual beings, while the fighter tears to pieces the homes the spiritual beings have built up. The farmer seeks a quick return from dead matter; the fighter returns the quick to the dead. One is evolution; the other, dissolution. One leads to life; the other leads, must lead, to death, the death of the nation. No nation can long survive that makes manure of its young men. True it is that all help to fill a trench, sooner or later, but evolution teaches that the highest development alone is possible only when a long period of infancy and maternity precedes it. A nation that allows but twenty years for its young men to serve their God and their fellow men is forcing them to fast living. No nation can long survive whose individual members are compelled to make the short circuit from dust to dust in one score of years. Irrigating the land with infant blood never can nourish.

And then the guilt of the people themselves! No man

can hold himself guiltless who aids and abets his country for years, in preparing to do just what is being done over there. In time of peace, prepare for war and you will get just what you have prepared yourself for. They did over there, and we will over here. No man can fill his hip pockets with loaded revolvers and start out with a shotgun on one shoulder and a chip on the other, and be looked upon by his neighbors as a man of peace; a man of peace does not look like that. He is out looking for fight, and he will generally get what he is looking for. They did over there, and we will over here. But, you say, a man may do one thing and intend something very different. The man who set a spring gun at his front gate intended to get a burglar. He got his innocent neighbor instead, and a term in state prison besides. The man was held to have intended the ordinary and natural result of his act, which was to get some one. He did get some one. Battleships are ordinarily and naturally used to sink other battleships with the men on them. When built, they are intended to be used in that way, and the people who vote to build them intend to have them used in that way, to sink other battleships with the men on them. This is the intention of the people over there, and the intention of the people over here. The guilt of the individual voter cannot therefore be cast off upon his government, when for years he has supported his government in its intent to do that very thing. You say a man may put up a sign, "No Trespassing," and yet have no intention of prosecuting his neighbors. True it is, and it is also true that the neighbors are presumed to know the law without any sign being stuck under their noses. If no prosecution is intended, why make the threat to prosecute? In my case, I have hitherto regularly voted to keep up the sign, to build bigger battleships and heavier coast defenses, and to maintain a larger standing army. The sign, to be sure, during my term as a voter has cost some fifteen billions of dollars, just to maintain a threatening sign. But did maintaining that sign help us to maintain peace? It did not over there; it will not over here.

And then the gospel of strength, a gospel so weak! The monsters in all ages of the earth, man or mastodon, have failed to long survive. Monstrous as many were, they do not size up to the law of the survival of the fittest. If strength, even as alleged, instead of fitness, were the rule of the law of evolution, still would the strong have disappeared. The swimming and the flying reptiles, the super-dreadnaughts and the dirigibles of their time, the mighty mastodon, the immense cave-bear, all have ceased to exist and would not now be known to have ever existed but for their scattered and battered bones. These giants have gone, but the ant, the cooperative and socialistic ant, contemporaneous with many of the mon-

sters mentioned, still survives to multiply and inhabit a large portion of the earth. Primitive man was brought in sharp and deadly competition with species vastly his superior in strength, but his cunning combinations, rather than the combined strength of his species, enabled him to outlive them. In the past the determining factors have been, not strength, but combination, cooperation and union, these three; and in the future, the greatest will be union.

But what of the future? The past points out the path for the future. The same rule of reason that brought about the disarmament of the individual in the past will bring about disarmament of the nations in the future. Primitive man, hiding in the hollow of a tree or the recesses of a cave, went armed. His normal environment required it. Lurking enemies in the human race and ferocious and powerful beasts were ever appearing in his path. His survival depended upon the added strength his weapon gave him. But in time the beasts disappeared from his path and the enemies in his own or outside tribes made fewer attempts on his life, as better public protection was secured. Still many men went armed. While their lives were no longer in danger, yet their honor, they thought, was likely to be assailed at any time, and they must be allowed to defend that at all hazards. So it has come about that some men have gone armed till within very recent years. But experience has taught that the carrying of a weapon, concealed or otherwise, has been the cause of, rather than a protection against, assaults upon that somewhat vague commodity, a man's honor. Hence the individual has been disarmed. The result is, greater safety to the individual in his normal surroundings and more peaceful conditions in the community. The honor so highly prized has also suffered fewer assaults.

But here are some fifty sovereign nations, fully armed, each claiming the right to inhabit more or less of the earth, and, while not the normal condition, wars ensue. What did primitive man do when an attack was made upon his tree or cave? He combined with others, just as the warring nations have done. Furthermore, he relinquished certain of his sovereign rights in the tree or cave, just as the allies have begun to relinquish certain rights. They have relinquished the right to conclude terms of peace independent of each other. In time, as these little family groups and groups of families grew and tribes arose, unanimity continued to exist in regard to the enforcement of tribal rights and the rights of individual members of each tribe against other tribes or the individual members of other tribes. But discord did not cease within the tribe. Each member continued to enforce what he alone considered to be his individual or private rights, till it was agreed that certain members of the tribe should be selected

to settle these local disputes. Hence, constables, sheriffs, policemen, and police courts arose and are still found somewhat necessary. Here again each individual relinquished certain rights, and thereafter was not allowed to take the law into his own hands. A superior was selected, which the inferior was compelled to obey. The nations still take their home-made law into their own hands and try to enforce it against other nations in their homes. But in the case of the individual, placing the enforcement of his private rights in the hands of others has resulted in less disorder in the community. Placing the enforcement of national rights in the hands of a new nation to be created will result in less killing. The process or growth in government, thus briefly outlined so far as it relates to the individual, when adopted by the nations of the earth will result in like peace and good will in the world at large. At each step the individual relinquished certain rights; at each step the nations must go and do likewise.

But nations, just as the individual was slow to relinquish the right to defend his honor, are disinclined to give up any right that may effect their sovereignty, their national honor. A powerful nation, for instance, is loath to leave to others the settlement of a dispute with a weak nation, particularly if the weak nation is looked upon as having no rights which the powerful nation is bound to respect. This trait in human nature is sometimes discernible in the individual as well. No nation has yet consented to such a plan, you say. Let us see.

History tells us that in the year 1781, on the North American continent, thirteen weak little nations, weak but still having within themselves all the essentials of sovereignty, adopted articles of confederation. In these articles of confederation, however, each state still clung to its individual sovereignty; each state retained the right to recall its members of congress at will, to issue its own currency without limit. The confederation was given no power or authority to wage war, to coin money, to collect taxes. It grew weaker and weaker. Four states never paid one cent into the treasury of the confederation and only one, New York, ever paid all that became due. They taxed imports from foreign countries and from sister states alike, and with one exception, refused to turn into the confederation the money collected from foreign imports. Disputes between states were frequent, and rebellious blood was shed. These conditions continued and grew worse till the different states, or rather, individuals from them, willing finally to relinquish certain sovereign rights in order to be protected from each other as well as from the outside world, came together in 1787, adopted a constitution and created a new nation, the United States of America. The plan then adopted still survives.

But the disarmament of nations, it is claimed, would never



do. While in the case of the individual it is conceded the result has been for the public good, yet a nation disarmed would be the victim of assaults incessantly. To prevent these assaults big standing armies and powerful navies are necessary. But have they prevented war? Has not the very presence of large bodies of armed men and great navies been the cause of, rather than a protection, against war? The present war was not prevented by the presence of the largest standing armies and the greatest navies the world ever saw. Being prepared did not prevent this war. On the other hand, two of the greatest nations on earth, each without a standing army worthy of the name and with a frontier three thousand miles in extent between them, entirely unfortified and totally unprepared, have lived at peace with each other for more than one hundred years.

But disarmament, to be wise must be just, must be universal. To compel the conquered nation alone to disarm would be neither wise nor just. The conquerors also must disarm. To whom, then, must the disarmed nations look for protection in their rights? To the new sovereign, the new nation to be created.

No individual, no nation, in the growth of human government, has been compelled to relinquish a right or the right to enforce a right without some agency being created to protect the individual and the nation from encroachments. Therefore, a new sovereign must be created with authority and, what is of still more vital importance, power to protect the disarmed nations. It must have, first, authority to command and, second, power to compel obedience. The sentence of a police court would have little force or effect, except for the power behind it to compel obedience. Like the judgment of a court of arbitration, nullification would follow.

The authority, then, will come from the written constitution creating the new sovereign. From what source, then, will come the power? From the discarded implements of war, ships manned by men and armies composed of men appointed by and responsible solely to the new sovereign, to whom their only oath of allegiance binds them. If a nation is sincerely in favor of universal peace, what matters it if some power outside of itself fully protects and enforces its rights? But it may be said, the more powerful nations, at greater expense, will have more implements to discard and therefore will be compelled to suffer more loss. What matters it, if their rights thereafter are fully protected and enforced? The whole object of the great expense did not pass one jot or tittle beyond this, if their claims hitherto have been based upon the truth. They have, with wonderful unanimity, always and everywhere claimed no ambition beyond the full protection and enforcement of their own rights.

Finally, how shall the body of men be selected who shall be vested with the authority to draw up the constitution and enact the laws under which the new sovereign must act? Each nation willing to relinquish certain rights and come under the protection of the new sovereign must have at least one representative. A casual glance at the nations of the world, in case all came in, will suggest a body of men representing nations, one third designated as first-class powers and two thirds designated as second-class powers. The smaller nations would, therefore, control the body. In case the legislative branch of the new sovereign should be composed of two bodies instead of one, then, in all fairness, if the smaller nations had an equal representation in one body, the larger nations should be represented in the other body according to population? This, it may be said, might result in a deadlock. The same opinions were entertained regarding the formation of the legislative branch of the United States of America, but during the one hundred and twenty-five years of its existence no serious deadlock has occurred. And the fear of a possible deadlock is far to be preferred to the certainty of the present death-struggle. Still more to be preferred is the adoption of a plan that has, though once put to a severe test, worked successfully for more than a century, and never did more for the welfare of the people living under it than it is doing today. In case the allies are finally able to fix the terms of peace, it is understood these terms will include compulsory disarmament on the part of the one and voluntary disarmament on the part of the other. In this general disarmament, the United States should be ready to unite. To help in this union is the moving motive of this little story of a walking trip through Europe in 1914.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 913 555 3